



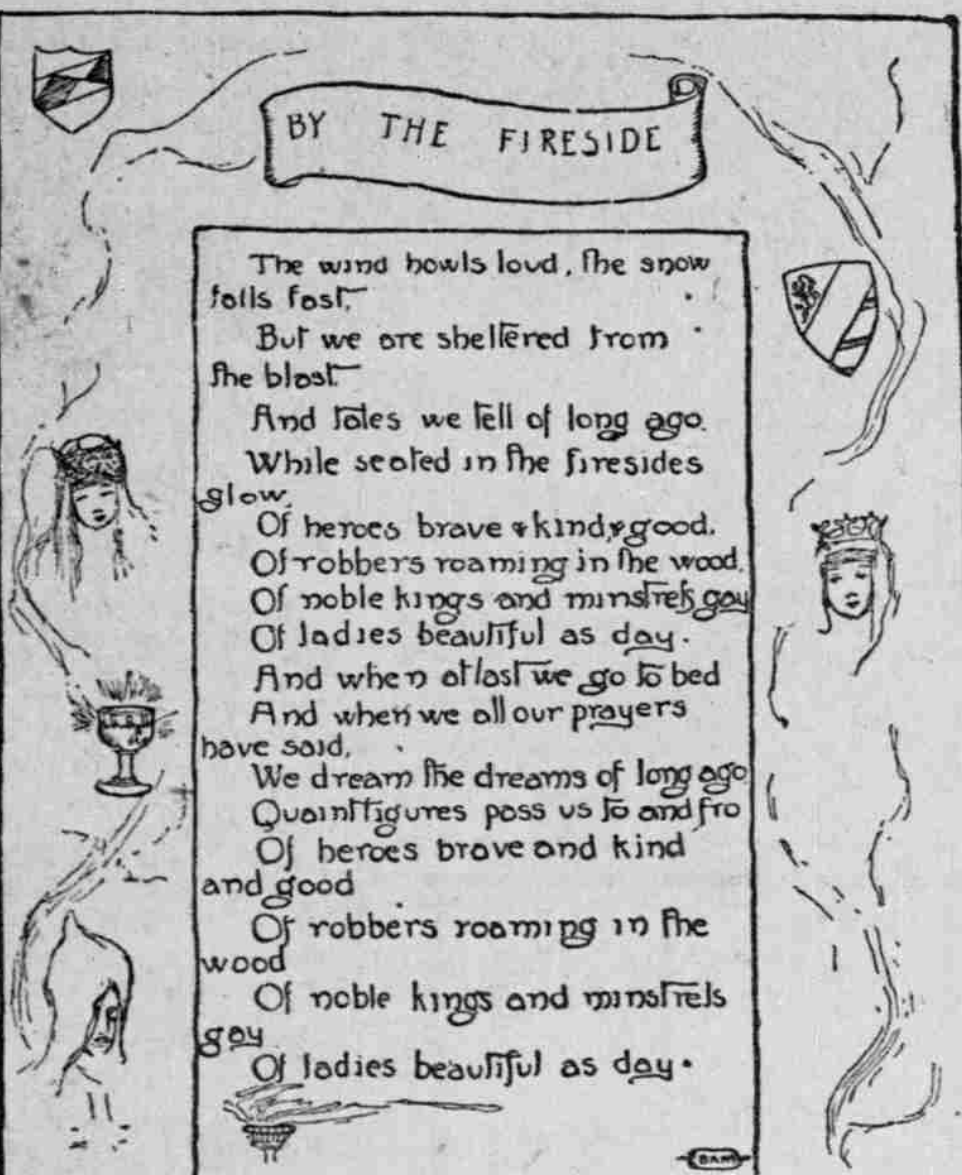
POEMS BY A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL OF HONOLULU



The Fields of Summer Time

The fields of summer time are gay,
And soft little breezes play
Among the flowers that strew our way.
There're poppies red and cornflowers blue,
And buttercups and cowslips too
All glistening in the morning dew
And underneath an old pine tree,
We spread our lunch—enough for three,
And oh—we're hungry as can be!
Then hide-and-seek and tag we play
We keep it up the livelong day.
Until a bell—quite far away—
Now tells us it is time for tea.
And nurse must brush our hair, you see,
And clean our frocks and hands must be
When fields of summer time are gay
Oh!—dear, it is such fun to play!
It's hard to tear one's self away.

Miss Beth Howard, fifteen years of age, of Pacific Heights is a clever young miss. She has done a lot of drawing and poem writing. Her work has been reproduced in several magazines, the two reproductions made on this page being copies of her work which have appeared and won prizes in St. Nicholas Magazine for Young Folks during this year.



BY THE FIRESIDE

The wind howls loud, the snow
falls fast,
But we are sheltered from
the blast
And tales we tell of long ago
While seated in the firesides
glow.
Of heroes brave and kind, good,
Of robbers roaming in the wood,
Of noble kings and minstrels gay,
Of ladies beautiful as day.
And when at last we go to bed
And when we all our prayers
have said,
We dream the dreams of long ago
Quaint figures pass us to and fro
Of heroes brave and kind
and good
Of robbers roaming in the
wood
Of noble kings and minstrels
gay
Of ladies beautiful as day.

TO OUR "MERRY CHANTER."

(Frank R. Stockton. Died April 20, 1902.)

His ship of fancy flew the flag
Of goodly mirth and banter,
No sounder sail or breasted gale
Than owned our "Merry Chanters."

Its hold was stored with priceless
freight—
Pure humor, fun, capricious;
Beneath the cheer there lurked no
sneer.
Cold, cynical, malicious.

It spurned the bitter fang of brine,
It plumbed no depths of trouble;
It rode the sea as light and free
As it had been a bubble.

Its course was ever clear and true,
Its steersman loved bold faring,
Where is one now to point a prow
With such delightful daring?

Dear Captain of a craft we love,
In life you led our laughter;
Now you have passed into the Vast,
Our tears fall follow after.

—Julie M. Lippmann in Century.

A doubtful point: Aunt Chloe—"Ma
Rastus went fishin' too-day, an' Ah
doan know what he do." Aunt Dannah
—"Wha's de matter, honey?" Aunt
Chloe—"Wal, de Scriptures say 'spare
de rod an' spare de child,' an' Ah doan
know which rod dey mean."—Brooklyn
Life.

HIGH-PRICED PEWS.

Only a very few pews in the parish
churches of London are nowadays
offered for sale, but when they are put
up to auction they apparently fetch
good prices. At Tokenhouse Yard last
week a freehold pew in the parish
church of Chertsey was sold for \$250,
the purchaser's object being to devote
the rent to charitable purposes. The
ownership of the pew carries with it
a parliamentary vote for the county of
Surrey, and at present it is let at \$10
per annum, but rated for poor rate at
\$15 a year. It appears that the pew
was sold in fee simple in 1808 by the
trustees appointed by an act of the
forty-sixth year of George III for re-
storing Chertsey church. The purchas-
er of the Chertsey pew desires to re-
main anonymous, but his object in
devoting the rent to a charitable pur-
pose is worthy of commendation.

The oft-told story of the economical
merchant who would stoop to pick up
a pin has a counterpart in the office of
J. Pierpont Morgan, where one of a
millionaire, when not doing messenger service, is
engaged in slicing off the flap side of
all used envelopes and preserving the
flaps in pads for scribbling paper. The
mail of such a house is enormous and
the saving thus effected is not incon-
siderable. The saving of envelopes and
newspaper wrappers is gradually being
appreciated in other large banking
houses.

THE NEW BUILDING ON THE BALDWIN CORNER, SAN FRANCISCO.



SAN FRANCISCO, August 9.—The
New Flood Building on Market,
Eddy and Ellis streets needs no
encomium. Its magnificent pro-
portions and architectural beauty are
evident at a glance. The view shown
in the perspective drawing by Albert
Pissis is at the junction of Market and
Powell streets, at a point whence the
frontages on those streets are at once
visible. James L. Flood is the owner of
the property. It is not only one of the
best situated in the business part of
San Francisco, but is one of the largest
structures in the downtown section of
this city. The site is that formerly oc-
cupied by the Baldwin Hotel, the burn-
ing of which made way for the superb
structure now under way on the lot.
It fronts 186.56 ft on Market street, 22.8 ft
on Eddy, 275 feet on Powell, 187.10 on
Ellis, and 177.8 ft from Ellis to Market
street on the easterly line. The area
of the lot is 35,000 square feet, it be-
ing only inferior to those on which the
Parrott building and the Palace Hotel
stand, while, owing to its greater
height, the amount of space will be
superior.

The new Flood building will have
twelve stories, and will rise to a height

above the street of 180 feet, while its
foundations descend to a depth of
thirty-five feet. The foundations are of
concrete with steel grillage beams im-
bedded in concrete in part of the foun-
dation. The construction of the build-
ing will be of steel skeleton frame of
columns, supporting not only each floor,
but also the masonry walls at each
story. Colusa sandstone will be em-
ployed in the exterior front walls, en-
ameled brick and glazed terra cotta for
the interior light court walls, and fire-
proof floor arches, paritions and other
fireproofing with terra cotta in the
structure itself. The inside finishing
will consist of a concrete floor in the
basement, and marble and tile on the
floor corridors, they being also wains-
coted in marble.

The first two stories of the building
are to be used for stores, which may
be in number from one to fifteen. Above
will be 650 offices, either separate or in
suits. They will each be provided with
wash basins and wardrobes, steam
heat, electric and gas light, telephone
wiring and other modern conveniences,
and safes when so required by the ten-
ants. The main corridor, extending
from Market to Ellis street at the east-
erly side of the building, will be 150

feet long and vary in width from two-
ty-five to twenty-eight feet. Its walls
will be of polished marble, with a row
of detached marble columns at each
side and marble stairs with a bronze
railing. In the basement will be a
power plant to pump water for the
eight passenger elevators and the one
freight elevator, besides the sidewalk
elevators. It will also be used to sup-
ply heat to the building, and will con-
sist of three 110-horse-power boilers,
for which oil storage tanks and coal
bunkers will be provided. The boilers
and the pumps will be placed in the
north end of the basement.

The style of architecture adopted by
Albert Pissis is based on the classic.
Classic orders and details have been
used and adapted to the requirements
of a twelve-story structure. Large
Corinthian columns will extend through
the fifth, sixth and seventh stories, and
an arcade with Ionic columns at the
top of the building will extend through
the eleventh and twelfth stories. The
store stories are to be entirely of plate
glass in copper frames, with the ex-
ception of the pavilions, which are to
be of stone. As to the cost, the new
Flood structure may be roughly set
down as a million dollar building.

AT EDWARD'S COURT

CEREMONY OF THE PRESENTATION TO THE KING AND QUEEN

Experiences as to the king's courts
appear to be varied, but mine were
coulour de rose.

In America I had read for so many
years about drawing room and drawing
room dresses, but, after all, descrip-
tions always fall very short of reality,
and what I had hitherto "seen through
a glass darkly" struck me with an ab-
solutely fresh sense of magnificence and
beauty when I saw it with mine own
eyes for the first time.

The beautiful palace in gala array,
with banks of lovely flowers in the hall,
and the gorgeous flunkies in their royal
dress, were in themselves imposing,
and then, too, the brilliancy and beauty
of the royal circle, with its entourage
of diplomats and an endless stream of
lovely women, glittering with jewels,
and distinguished men wearing court
dress or uniform, with orders, all tend-
ed toward a never-to-be-forgotten and
impressive sight.

The present court arrangements are
apparently quite altered from those
which were in vogue during the last
reign, and as even in the twentieth cen-
tury there always seems a rooted ob-
jection to change, many people were
complaining of the new arrangements,
and people spoke especially of the un-
comfortable chairs, but one hardly ex-
pected on such occasion to find deep
and cosy lounges.

As it was, there were hundreds of gilt
red-seated rout chairs in every room
through which we passed, and person-
ally I went through the whole ceremony
in the greatest comfort, with one excep-
tion—in the cloak room, where the ar-
rangements were certainly not good,
many people were kept an unconscion-
able time waiting for their right wraps.

In old days, I understand, people
waited for hours, out in the long gal-
lery heading the grand staircase, then
in the state ball room, and again in the
three great reception rooms, to say
nothing of the long picture gallery and
then the fearsome anteroom where the
ladies' trains were finally let down; but
at this last, and my first, court, we,
being early arrivals, mounted the
grand staircase, walked straight down
the long gallery, and were ushered into
the supper room, where there were
chairs arranged in rows, providing sit-
ting room for all.

So far there was certainly no cause
for complaint. We were detained here
for twenty minutes; in five minutes
more we had passed through the great
ballroom; another five and our trains
were let down in the small gallery ad-
joining, and we were passing their
majesties.

The process in the ballroom, or rather
throne room, was a little more trying,
so people said, than in the late queen's
reign. To begin with, we had to make

our curties on a slippery and highly
polished floor, and the fact of not being
shaken hands with as of yore made
some a little nervous; the firm, kindly
clasp of her majesty's hand, which in
old days was invariably extended to
those passing with whom she happened
to have personal acquaintance, must
have been always reassuring.

However, after all, perhaps no one
required encouragement this time, as
instead of perhaps ten curties we only
had to walk straight on, then face his
majesty, curtesy, make two steps on,
and repeat the same low bow to Queen
Alexandra, and they both bowed and
smiled most graciously in return, while
we walked straight on again, taking no
heed to trains, till in another moment,
in the next ante-room, a civil official
whisked our trains over our arms.

It had been a matter from start to
finish of under an hour.

After passing, everything was inter-
esting and amusing, no crowd even in
the supper room down stairs, so I
stayed on and saw my friends comfort-
ably. Otherwise, if it had not been for
difficulties in the cloak room I might
have been at home again in two and
a half hours after leaving. As it was,
I heard people saying rather "nasty"
things in the hall as at last we left,
our carriage having been round, and
our names called to enter it no fewer
than three times, which speaks pretty
well for the carriage arrangements.

The men came with their women folk,
at least those specially invited did, but,
of course, they did not pass their
majesties we lost sight of them after
the sitting down in the first room (the
old supper room), but they rejoined us
directly we had passed by a passage
leading from the long gallery to the
first saloon, which we entered when our
presentations were over.

Altogether we thought the arrange-
ments admirable. Later on, in the pic-
ture gallery, we found a lot of friends
penned together (the only room which
I saw corded off), but those, I fancy,
were very late comers. However, their
troubles too, were soon over, as I saw
some of them twenty minutes later,
after having passed the king and queen,
right into the supper room, some of
them nearly breaking their backs in the
vain effort to do it gracefully, wands
in hand, in their smart court
costumes and white "lights!"

It struck me as I gazed and saw the
magnificence around me what enor-
mous sums of money had been spent
upon the pageant of an hour. My own
dress had cost a matter of £200, the
regulation three-yards-in-length of the
train being embroidered in silver and
pearls, and the jewels (which seemed
handsome enough before I left home,
sank into insignificance in comparison
with those around me) had cost at least
£8,000.

Supposing that there were 1,500 peo-
ple in the room, it might be computed
that their dresses, with their flowers,
had cost at least £300,000, while as for
the jewels, millions and millions of
money must have been represented in
the great all-round crowns, the rivières
and ropes of pearls, which were almost
dazzling in their gleaming and glister-
ing beauty; and the whole entertain-
ment, it is said, must also have cost for
the king some thousands of pounds.—An
American Dower in the London Ex-
press.

to have been done away with; anyhow,
we saw some quite close to their maj-
esties several times that evening.
"Hark, of yore, I remember hearing
how it made those who looked on quite
uncomfortable watching the noble
lords-in-waiting and others back the
whole way from the ball-room dais,
down the ballroom and long gallery,
right into the supper room, some of
them nearly breaking their backs in the
vain effort to do it gracefully, wands
in hand, in their smart court
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the king some thousands of pounds.—An
American Dower in the London Ex-
press.

Asked—"What's the news?" Talker—
"The President has committed suicide,
King Edward has declared war on the
United States, and New York has been
blown up by a volcano." Asker—"Oh,
don't bother me with trifles! Have
they got Tracy yet?"—Portland Ore-
gonian.

Pretty loud: "This necktie," said the
salesman, "speaks for itself." "Speaks
for itself?" repeated the customer, as
he took in the loudness of the design;
"I say that it positively yells!"—Bal-
timore Herald.

Couldn't get within range: "One of
these guns can throw a projectile six-
teen miles." "It wouldn't do me any
good. My mother-in-law lives thirty
miles from here."—New York Sun.

"What do you expect to be when you
become of age, by little man?" asked
the visitors. "Twenty-one, sir," was
the bright one's reply.—Yonkers States-
man.

Teacher—"Tell me, Bobby, what are
the two things necessary for baptism?"
Bobbie—"Water and a baby, ma'am."
—Tribune.

HUMOROUS

HE NEVER SPOKE AGAIN.

The following story is told of a ven-
triloquist, now famous, but at the time
of this happening so hard up he used
to walk between the cities where he
was to appear. On one of these tours
he came to Philadelphia on foot, and on
the road he picked up a miserable little
dog "because it looked so much like he
felt." The story will explain what be-
came of the dog.

The first house he came to was a
saloon, and, of course, he wanted a
drink. He had no money, but went
in anyhow to see what he could do.
The proprietor, a German, said:

"Well, what will you have?"
He said, "I'll take a little whisky,"
and then, turning to the dog, he asked:

"What will you have?"

"I'll take a ham sandwich."

The German was so surprised he al-
most fainted. He looked at the dog a
moment and then asked:

"What did you say?"

"I said a ham sandwich."

Hans thought it wonderful that a dog
should be able to talk, and asked who
had trained him, how long it had tak-
en, etc., and wound up with:

"How much you take for him?"

"Oh," said Mr. Ventriquoist, "I
wouldn't sell him at any price, but I
am a little hard up now, and if you
will lend me \$50 I'll leave him with you
till I bring the money."

"All right," said Hans. "I just want
him for a little while, so I can show
him to some smart people I know
around here."

So everything was settled, the money
paid, etc., and as the ventriquoist
went out he turned and waved his hand
to the dog and said:

"Well, good by, Jack. I'll come back
soon."

"You mean son-of-a-gun, to sell me
for \$50 after all I've done for you? So
help me Moses, I'll never speak another
word as long as I live!"

And he didn't.—Philadelphia Times.

TO PREVENT A ROOSTER'S CROWING.

An English artist recently was sum-
moned to appear in court for allowing
a rooster to crow in the morning to the
annoyance of his neighbors. The case
was amicably settled. A London news-
paper thereupon printed the following:
"It is quite possible to keep fowls and
prevent them from crowing. All that
is needed is a slight string over the
neck and fastened to a foot. It is the
habit of chancier to throw back his
head when crowing, and he will not
crow if prevented, as he may be, by the
string from doing so. The contrivance
has the great merit of inflicting no pain
whatever. The bird scarcely knows of
the presence of the string till he tries
to crow, and a harmless jerk brings
him to order."

WOULD PROTECT THE WHISKY.

General DeWet is possessed of hu-
mor. One of the leading officials in a
refugee camp is a Scotsman, who, dur-
ing the dinner took occasion in offering
the general a drink to say he must
have got a fair amount of whisky
among his captured convoys. DeWet
was much amused at this, and said
that before attacking a convoy he made
inquiries if they were guarded by Scot-
men. If this were so, he further in-
quired if it contained any whisky. If
the second condition accompanied the
first, he always gave the colony a wide
berth, because he knew the beggars
would fight to the last man.

LET THE PLAY PROCEED.

Sir Henry Irving declares that once,
when he was playing "Othello" in a
Western city, his audience was com-
posed for the most part of miners.
"When we came to the handkerchief
scene, where Othello demands the
handkerchief of Desdemona many
times," he says, "I noticed that the au-
dience was becoming exceedingly nerv-
ous. About the third time the demand
for the handkerchief was repeated a
large Irishman in the rear of the house
shouted: 'Wipe your nose on your
sleeve, you nagger, and let the play go
on.'"—Chicago News.

POSTAL ORDERS IN AUSTRALIA.

The postmaster general of Australia
has issued a new regulation that "no
telephone messages shall contain un-
becoming expressions or language cal-
culated to provoke a breach of the
peace." Assault by telephone is a
rather novel offense, but possibly the
postmaster general has had some of
his instruments or receivers smashed by
offended subscribers. He has also
decreed that "live bees, if properly
packed, may be transmitted within the
commonwealth and to and from the
United Kingdom."

VIGOROUS ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

The fifty years of service which Ad-
miral Farragut had seen when the civil
war began had matured his powers
without impairing his mental or phys-
ical vigor. "The admiral assured me,"
writes General James Grant Wilson,
"that up to the year 1863 he made a
practice of taking a standing jump over
the back of a chair on every birthday.
'I never felt old,' he added, 'until my
62nd birthday came around, and I did
not feel quite equal to the jump.'"

"KNEW HE WAS A LIAR."

General Heywood, now commanding
officer of the marine corps, was at one
time stationed at the Brooklyn navy
yard. One day he was surprised to see
a sentry approach with Congressman
"Tim" Campbell in custody. "I
wouldn't let this man pass, general," till
he told me who he was. He says he is a
Congressman, so I knew he's a liar,
and I thought the best thing to do was
to bring him to you."

HIS PATIENT WAS DEAD.

Dean Smith, of the Yale Medical
School, once cited a hypothetical case
to a class and asked one student how
much of a certain medicine should be
administered to the sufferer. "A tea-
spoonful," said the young man. He
after reflecting for a minute he said he
would like to change his answer. "My
young friend," said the dean dryly,
"your patient has been dead for forty
seconds."